Cinderella
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Source: *The Kenyon Review*, Vol. 26, No. 4 (Autumn, 1964), pp. 708-709
Published by: Kenyon College
Stable URL: http://www.jstor.org/stable/4334490
Accessed: 02-11-2015 11:01 UTC

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David Galler

CINDERELLA

About that child: magic
Wouldn't have helped, had she
Been, by nature, a beauty,
Even ugly. Remember
Your toad, slammed on tiles
By princess he wished, who rose
Unfortunate prince. Magic,
However, can help the ill-
Used: whether she'd thrived
On dead mother, hated
Her weak (or stern) remarried
Father, or served at foreign
Fires, this was the normal
Filth that rendered her fit
Prize for any prince.

He, in his turn, had three
Balls to attend, and she'd
Have each. He was tired
Of all beasts he had taken;
He could be said to have gained
A certain interest
In who could operate best
In glass slippers, without
Their breaking. She, of course,
Had her long-tailed rat,
Vegetable plaything. Cin-
Derella's dad was close
To the king.

Common, compet-
Itive stepdame and her
Two 'cocks must get the worst
Of this, for they could provide

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Merely suffering with
No improvements. That precious
Shoe might have been ridiculed
As sexual power or
Material armor, save
That it fit everyone's purpose
So. It gave them style.

Roger Hecht

DITTY

The very dead of night: no noise
Mounts from the avenue; no smoke
Uncoils to an unspotted snake
Rubbing black skin against the skies.

What act of violence prepares
Emergence from a midnight dream?
What murder murders murder's name
In a mute room of settled fears?

Fugitive silence! . . . Now here, now there,
The traffic of the world begins
Restoring men to daily sins
That are fulfilled with practiced care.

In dark, in day, self is the self,
Does what it does and then affirms
The several slaughters it performs,
Calling necessity the wolf.

No pestilence, no civil blight,
Alters the habit fixed to breath:
Men feed on blood, we want more death,
And live in love of appetite.

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